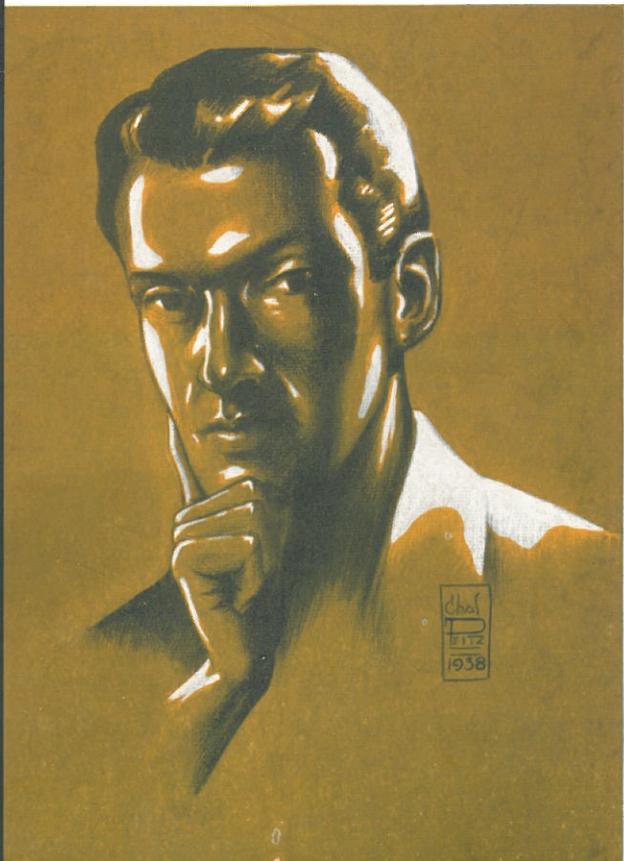


# MEASURE



SPRING  
1939



CHARLES BOSSERON CHAMBERS  
(PAGE 106)

# MEASURE

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

SPRING  
1939

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

# MEASURE

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Volume II

SPRING, 1939

No. 3

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MEASURE published quarterly, during the months of November, February, April, and June by the students of St. Joseph's College, Collegeville, Indiana. Subscriptions, \$2.00 a year; fifty cents a copy. Entered as second class matter at Collegeville, Indiana, 1937

## A Tale Of Two Sisters

Richard Scheiber

*Whimsy is caught most often, perhaps, in some old, old place, about some old delightful persons. The problem here of sisters under the skin has the charm of the Vieux Carre, heightened by the sweetness of spinsterhood. This short story is the second contribution of Mr. Scheiber, a sophomore.*

WHEN it comes to quaintness, New Orleans stands at the pinnacle among American cities. In no other metropolis or borough throughout the land is the tie of richness and atmosphere so binding, embracing even the casual visitor around Mardi Gras time or the commonplace work-a-day inhabitant. To them their city has a venerable richness that reaches far into the past, clinging fondly to those ancient traditions that she has not relinquished to the onslaught of time.

Today in many sections one gathers impressions whose very nature smacks of the early Spanish and French influences. The streets are narrow. Antique shops with little opaque-glass windows are in abundance. The people seem happier in these parts of the Creole Capital, as though they were contented with their small businesses and subsequent bare living. The houses in the Rue Bienville, for instance, were chiefly two-story brick, thick-walled, built like soldiers in a row along the sidewalk line. The bricks were red, but not the fiery, fatigued red of factory buildings. The red of the bricks in the homes on the Rue Bienville was restrained, tinted with green where the moss had grown velvet over them. Throughout all was the lingering presence of perfume-like magnolia blossoms, making bearable the oppressive, languorous heat. New Orleans has outlived the condemnation of being the fever spot of the South, retaining, in place of it, the chivalry of the past.

These time-hallowed manses are set back to back, with a walled-in courtyard, common to several families. These secluded quadrangles were once the main solace-place of the Creole family. Replete with flower beds of intricate designs, violated only by a winding walk or a bird bath, here it is that elderly grand-folks, tired parents, and children whiled away many an evening; here it is that romancers would steal later on in a setting fragrant and undisturbed.

Over all of these dwellings was the air of friendliness and satisfaction with life. Within were beckoning winding staircases, while a view from the hall looking up invariably revealed a shining, spindled banister. Each home had delicate appointments: glassware, pictures and table linens. Certainly scrambling children were never allowed to run rampant in households as sternly managed as these seemed to be. The young scions often complained that the parlor and guest room they seldom saw; and then only fleetingly when friends came.

In such a refined abode as this, down on the Rue Bienville, live the sisters Boudreau, tall, stately and slightly aloof in their well-appointed home. In age, they were not in the spirited flower of young womanhood, but rather in the reposing sixties and the middle of spinsterhood.

"Ah, they are the Misses Adrienne and Lolita Boudreau," nearly every neighborhood observer was able to point out. "How unfortunate that those dear 'grandmothers' have never married. And so meticulous they are about that lovely house, too." These were the feminine all-morning correspondents of the party line throwing in their opinions. Well-meaning, of course, but like most others, unknowing.

"They sure treat us swell," declared the urchins of the vicinity. The youngsters never tired of relating Saturday morning forays into the shining kitchen of the two maiden ladies. "Best cinnamon cake and milk I ever tasted," they maintained down to the last, and there were generally three or four, so generous being the hands that fed them. Like this they were to everyone: church, the poor, and those that served them. Little wonder that the sisters Boudreau commanded such respect around the Rue Bienville.

That is the attitude most residents took toward them; one of complete recognizance, but of little actual friendship. The ladies seemed to like it this way, almost as if they were merely existing through the present, but revelling in memories and incidents of the past. The story of these ladies in their youth was not bandied about the streets. Few of their neighbors knew, save one.

Above the unique and fanciful little grocery a block down the Rue Bienville, lived Mrs. Dulier, an octogenarian widow who, forty years ago, had worked in the household of the Boudreaus, more as a Boudreau herself than an ordinary menial. She knew the tale.

"Back in 1899 is when the real story of Adrienne and Lolita starts," she narrated one day. "Yes, how I still remember through these forty years. The girls were near in age, true companions to each other. When they worked with Mrs. Boudreau or whether they sang and played at the piano, it was always light-haired Adrienne, the older, with her sister, dark and a trifle more unrestrained, Lolita.

"Proud indeed were Father and Mother Boudreau of their daughters. They played, sang and acted well, as an occasional parish play pointed out. As the girls got in their twenties, the parents looked ahead

for them and saw a comfortable home and loving future for each. Up to this time, however, there had been no serious suitor after the hand of each, until Geoffrey Cooke came to New Orleans in the spring of 1900.

"The folks here liked young Cooke from the start. He came here from Boston with Western Union," affirmed Mrs. Dulier. "Cooke was affable, and highly capable when it came to laying out sites for new telegraph lines. Men liked him for his seriousness and reserve. His few associations with young ladies up to this time found them branding him as rather shy and uninteresting, but all backwardness was made bearable with an honest face and almost meticulously clean celluloid collars. A hard worker, Cooke was a typical fresh, back-bay Bostonian. This was a type that blended reasonably well with the Creole drawl and heavy, languorous days. That twang of his when he talked marked him down here from the start," assented the widow, eager to get on with her story.

"Jeff came to know Adrienne through an introduction by the parish priest. Forthwith they attended the Ball on the final night of the Mardi Gras and had a memorable time. The long-haired musicians drew and thrust their bows with such vigor that only so infectious an occasion could draw out. The music kept in time with flashing eyes and pretty sayings as the dancers whirled amid a froth of whitish gowns to the three-four strain. Mardi Gras time, from year to year, was never forgotten in New Orleans. That night, later, at the front door of the Boudreau's, Jeff overthrew his self-consciousness and told Adrienne that he would always remember this 1900 Mardi Gras.

"The wheels of his rig sang a wild, happy song as Geoffrey Cooke raced back up the Rue Bienville that evening," recalled Mrs. Dulier. "About the elder sister, well, she sang solidly for days.

"The girls and their parents invited Jeff to Sunday evening dinner with them within the next week or two. The former Bostonian had always maintained up to now that no man was at ease without his pipe. That meal with the hospitable, mannerly Boudreaus dispelled that idiom from his mind for the last time. He found himself rambling freely and coherently about his work with the 'Union,' as he designated his employers. He felt so welcome here; almost as if he were a Boudreau himself.

"So much a member of the family did they consider this young Yankee that Adrienne helped her mother and me with the dishes for a spell after the dinner; Mr. Boudreau busied himself with the papers while Jeff and Lolita went into the parlor and made merry. That Lolita was a sparkling one! She was a year or two younger than Adrienne, but just that much more mischievous and fun-loving with her silly banter," laughed the old lady.

"A short time after, Adrienne came flitting along through the

dining room, parlor-bound to join Jeff, when she looked between the slightly parted curtains and stopped short, annoyed and just a little hurt. She espied her sister and Jeff, playing happily back and forth at some silly game like a pair of frolicsome kittens. So engrossed had they been in their fun that neither noticed the strained smile as the older sister joined the pair. Lolita grew sober at once and, excusing herself, withdrew. Cooke and Adrienne, as if by predetermined national custom, went out into the moonlit courtyard."

Mrs. Dulier, the kind enlightener of the tale, had this still in memory about Geoffrey Cooke's first visit to the perfume-scented Boudreau courtyard: "Jeff and Adrienne talked for an hour of everything under the sun. The man was learning to remark about the niceness of her clothes, while she was coming to know more and more about copper wire and Morse senders. But Jeff, for the first time in his life, waxed romantic. He suggested such serious items as a home and marriage, and he met a cold, unyielding wall. On this point Adrienne was no longer the interesting conversationalist. She thwarted him at every turn. Baffled, he rose to go. For the way they had been coming along, that pair said goodnight woefully civilly! The wheels rang just a bit sorrowfully that evening as the rig rolled up the Rue Bienville. The driver appeared just a trifle disconsolate and set-faced. He considered himself a thwarted lover. Adrienne showed for long after that she was no happier.

"Spring thrived on. Early April saw that Geoffrey Cooke was still in the Creole Capital, but never in company with the Boudreaus. The gossipers," recalls Mrs. Dulier, "took on a new interest again when Lolita and Jeff took parts in one of the parish plays. The new pair was seen nearly nightly as he escorted her across the blocks to the Rue Bienville after rehearsals.

"The innocent bantering resumed itself identically from that brief half-hour in the parlor months before. Jeff never heard of Adrienne, who had rejected him then. She was strangely absent at those times when he crossed the ample Boudreau doorstep. The play practices became more perfect — the call of the curtain was at hand. Once again the scholarly musicians drew and thrust their bows in the orchestra pit. The crowded little opera house applauded and new personalities recited their lines perfectly upon the stage. The parish priest said his play was a success.

"Coming home that night, Jeff did not leave immediately but partook of a light lunch that Lolita prepared. How happy they sounded as they recounted perilous moments of a few hours before! Punning was once again the order when this witty pair were together.

"After their tasty, informal snack, for the second time Jeff went out into the courtyard, this time with the younger sister, Lolita. Not without sufficient reflection, again he waxed romantic and turned the

talk away from paint and footlights to more serious things. Again likeable young Geoffrey Cooke was sternly thwarted. Lolita grew serious as well, but silent and tight-lipped.

"She cried, too, that night after Cooke went away," added Mrs. Dulier, the former house servant.

"The wheels under the flying rig rang out a shriek of vexation and despair leaving the Rue Bienville that evening. Nor was it and its mournful, crushed driver ever seen in that part of New Orleans again." Mrs. Dulier knows that the Boudreaus never saw or heard of affable, good-natured, eligible Geoffrey Cooke from that day to the present.

The sisters had a love for each other that overshadowed ever so slightly the sentiment they mustered for the man that came between them. Adrienne and Lolita sacrificed, one in favor of the other. The older girl, altruistic and good person that she was at the turn of the century, sensed that Geoffrey Cooke was not hers, but for her younger sister who enjoyed him so much. In turn, Lolita, during all those nights after rehearsals and the final night in the fragrant courtyard, remembered Adrienne's sorrow when she lost him; those nights of tears and days without music and laughter in the Boudreau home, never like this before. Through these last forty years no other suitor has ever crossed the warm threshold on the Rue Bienville.

This sector of New Orleans is nearly the same. Here the Boudreau sisters, refined, generous, aloof spinsters, live alone in their elegantly-appointed home. Palm trees, the tiny antique shops with the opaque windows, mellowed bricks and the languorous heat still make a fitting setting for slow-tempoed New Orleans life. Forty years have passed; the tale of Geoffrey Cooke and the two sisters is buried under the surge of events, a closed issue.

## Catholics In Action

Discussion and planning about Catholic Action can very easily become highly theoretical and lofty. The broadest terms cover the greatest of areas — and sometimes the net result is nil. The true test for this, as well as for all Catholic work, is in the fruit produced. Following the example of our Divine Lord, we all demand fruit from the tree.

Bearing this in mind, we have thought that it would be profitable for readers in the College world to hear something of individuals who are in reality carrying out the lesson of the Faith that is in them. We present to you, therefore, two Catholics who are actually in action. We, and all the world, look up to the achievements that are theirs.

Immediately, however, we must call to your attention this fact: that while these gentleman are not shouting from the top of a band-wagon, their work, quiet and unassuming, is a distinct contribution to the cause of Catholic Action. This is nothing less than living (as Mairtin suggests in a recent book) in the world as Christians. In brief, the simple truth that they are doing so eminently well, as Catholics, the work which their professions demand of them, is the only requisite proof of their place among Catholic Actionists. From this the moral is obvious: if each of us were to do eminently only that which we have been sent to do, even then the cause of the Catholic Church would sweep the whole wide world.

The Editors

## Charles Bosseron Chambers

Charles J. Peitz, Jr.

PROBABLY the most famous American Catholic artist in the world today, certainly the one whose works are most often seen, is Charles Bosseron Chambers of New York City. Creator of such masterpieces as *Light of the World*, *Robin*, and *Saint John*, he is known to all classes in most places, to business executives and laborers, to dowagers and convicts. The universality and human appeal in his paintings have

rightly earned for him the title, "An Old Master in a New World."

Like Chesterton, Chambers is immense of size. He immediately impresses one with his pleasantness and genial affability. His eyes contain a perpetual smile, yet are keen and searching. His generous mouth and small mustache give him the appearance of a man of the world, one who appreciates and loves the good things of life. There is in his face, however, a serious element, an element which shows his real character to be one of sympathy and understanding. Never ostentatious in dress or manner, he nevertheless displays a certain suaveness and graciousness not unlike that of a man of affairs.

One of the most interesting things about Chambers is his absolute sincerity in what he is trying to accomplish. His drawings and paintings are always done in his own inimitable style. While highly idealized, they represent human and natural types. He takes an intense interest in the eyes of his subjects and is unusually capable in giving them the expression he wishes to portray. They seem to express his own sincerity without losing any of the depth or power contained in the rest of the face. His style, while exhibiting care and painstaking precision, is nevertheless slightly broken and dashing. His reds and blues, yellows and greens, are combined in such a way as to heighten the appeal of his work. His colors, although contrasting and brilliant, are never clashing or crude. They are always harmonious with the rest of the picture and contribute greatly in bringing out the essential idea.

While usually of a religious theme, Chambers' work is never propagandistic. He merely chooses subjects which to him have an infinite appeal and renders them with all the power and verve of the true artist. He never permits morality to be the essence of what he is trying to convey. If his work does excite religious devotion, it is purely concomitant.

One gets an insight into Chambers' character perhaps best upon beholding his studio. Like himself, it is an immense affair, dotted with knick-knacks which he has a flair for collecting. There are all kinds of art equipment imaginable, tubes of paint, brushes, easels and palettes, and pictures galore. In fact, the entire room is literally filled with pictures. They are on the walls, in stacks, in rows. One of the most outstanding is a huge representation of Dismas, the good thief, done a few years ago and generally considered one of Chambers' best.

To the right is a great desk, littered with papers of all kinds, above which hangs the stately painting *Our Lady of Sorrows*. Like everything else in the room, it is large and capacious, and it is here that Chambers handles his business affairs.

Because of the great amount of light flooding the room, it has an extremely cheerful aspect. There are all sorts of rare flowers and plants in which the artist takes an avid interest, and which are cultivated in great abundance near the high windows. This seems to be

his pet hobby, this and the collecting of unique pottery which also has its place in the room. While not exactly in complete disorder, his studio has a certain inexactness which gives it an inexplicable air of comfort and homeliness and prevents any stiffness or coldness from creeping in. It is like himself, cheerful, congenial and big.

No description of the studio would be complete without mention of Toby, his devoted bulldog. His great head, shaggy and heavily jowled, is made even more ferocious looking by his two long tusks which jut upward at an impossible angle. His looks belie his really gentle manner, and his faith in his master is unusually great.

Insofar as painting is concerned, Chambers' greatest forte is his unusual ability to infuse his madonnas with that sweet, motherly expression so necessary to any worthwhile portrayal of the Virgin. Since he experiences some difficulty in obtaining suitable models, he often does paintings of this type from imagination. His paintings of children, however, are usually done from life. The son of a friend, Pedro de Cordoba, the actor, was the model for one of his most popular, a representation of the Christ Child, crucifix in hand, gazing up at the heavens. The model for *Saint John*, he of the infinitely sincere expression, was the son of an old pupil. The youngster died shortly after the picture was finished. In many cases, the finished product is not an exact likeness of the model, for Chambers idealizes his characters to a great extent.

As a modern artist, Chambers is unique in that he paints religious pictures almost exclusively. Since the advent of materialism, spiritual or classical subjects are seldom drawn upon for inspiration, with the result that artists of today have little with which to compete with the old masters. The world is fortunate that at least one of such great talent is left who delights in portraying subjects really suitable for true artistic expression.

## George M. Cohan

William Foley

CATHOLICISM is not without its representatives in the world of the theatre; perhaps its most outstanding member is the old song-and-dance man, George M. Cohan. Today, in his sixtieth year, Mr. Cohan continues to hoof nimbly about the stage, and though he may not realize it, we believe that he is carrying the torch of Catholicism. For George M. Cohan, by living his Faith in the realm of the footlights, first nights, and ballyhoo, wherein it is so easy for one to lose sight of the Catholic ideal, is performing a real bit of Catholic Action. He has been known to theatre-goers for half a century and he is liked, respected, and admired by all. His fellow-troupers hold him in high esteem, evidence of this being the fact of his presidency of the Catholic Actors' Guild. His record has been long and honorable, and he has been a credit to the Church and to his profession throughout.

The Cohan career began when, at the age of nine, George made his bow at Haverstraw, New York, in a play named *Daniel Boone*, doubtless a melodrama replete with tomahawks and war-whoops. At this writing Mr. Cohan has just finished a tour of the hinterlands as the star of *I'd Rather Be Right*, in which he plays the part of a tap-dancing wise-cracking President. The years between these two plays saw George M. Cohan develop into one of the top men of the theatre. He played child parts, he played juvenile roles, he was with his mother, father and sister in vaudeville (they were billed as "The Four Cohans" and they wrote their music and dialogue, invented their own dances), then he started writing his own plays. The role of playwright-actor is usually difficult, but Mr. Cohan seems to have been able to take it in his stride, skillfully presenting his ingratiating personality to his audience. They say that a Cohan play is really a sort of a sublimated vaudeville in which the author is on the go every minute. The list of his plays is sizeable, just to mention a few: *The Yankee Prince*, *Broadway Jones*, *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*. These, of course, were staged a good while back, and I don't remember what they were like. But I have it from the older folk that Mr. Cohan used to pack them in. His more recent performances are quite familiar to us; for example, his portrayal of Nat Miller in Eugene O'Neill's *Ah Wilderness* a few seasons ago. And there is his present part in the satire, *I'd Rather Be Right*, where he mimics Franklin D. Roosevelt and has the customers howling.

Mr. Cohan has produced in his day more than one song hit. That



GEORGE M. COHAN

favorite of yesterday, *Mary is a Grand Old Name* was from his versatile pen. And the stirring war-time ditty, *Over There!* was also his. This latter song, I think, aroused more patriotic fervor in American hearts than many a congressman's speech, for if ever a ballad deserved to be called stirring, this certainly did.

In the fifty years Mr. Cohan has, man and boy, trod the boards of the stage, he must have struck more than one discouraging interval when the outlook appeared gloomy, and the world seemed an unfriendly place. It is not taking too much for granted to suppose this, for the theatrical world is notorious for its ups and downs, its smash hits and flops. Now I feel correct in thinking that in his unhappy moments Mr. Cohan found solace in his Catholic Faith, receiving from it the necessary strength to persevere. I may be wrong, but I do not think so.

The man himself has always been an appealing figure to me. There's something about him. To me Mr. Cohan is one who represents Broadway and its bright lights, and yet possesses the shrewd kindness of the man who runs the corner grocery store in our town. His Americanism is one of his outstanding qualities; he is sort of Mr. Yankee Doodle to me, and I think that all by himself he constitutes three cheers for the red, white, and blue. Maybe his being born on July fourth helps explain his love for America.

Further, he is always the song-and-dance man, but he is not the ordinary type; he is (somewhere I read it) a hoofer with a touch of Hamlet about him. I like him most, however, because he always seems to be so human and so warm. He is an ardent baseball fan and is renowned as the number one rooter for the New York Giants. He has a passion for the homliest desserts, rice pudding — and he has been known to raid the ice box in search of it on more than one occasion. Mr. Cohan is Irish, and when at home in New York, he attends St. Malachy's Church.

One more thing, George M. Cohan's policy with regard to his audience is always to "leave them laughing." Having met him, you will, I hope, be grateful for this man from the world of 'spots' and grease-paints, this gentleman from behind the scenes, this Catholic.

# Dormitory Insomnia

Anthony Ley

*The lover of the essay as well as the lover of sleep will appreciate this work of Anthony Ley, who is a seminarian and a sophomore. The author, of course, is constrained to state that any similarity to reality is entirely coincidental. His own good rest permits no jeopardy.*

EVERYBODY SLEEPS. Not all people sleep in beds. Some persons sleep in dormitories. (I hope that I have not instilled the notion that the dormitory sleepers belong to the class of not-in-bed sleepers.) It is in defence of those last mentioned that I wish to spill the ink; however, I will not consider them as dormant at all times; in fact, I will remain quite awake throughout, for doesn't one of the poets say something to the effect that no one knows what goes on in the blackness of sleep? I think so, and he is correct.

Of course if you are mansion-bred, and have spent all your nights in spacious, soft beds that smother you to sleep in their fluffiness, you have all reason to quit me and my theme. But before you take your leave let me question you briefly. Have you ever been bored by the comforts of a stuffy bedchamber, by a wide, soft bed with floating mattresses, silk quilts, lace pillow-slips in which you get your ears and nose caught every time you move? Has the idea of stepping out onto a cold splintery floor instead of a fleecy bear-skin ever appealed to you? Would you consider it much more pleasant to arise and go down stairs for your breakfast rather than have James bring it to your bedside? If so, there is hope for you; in fact, my friend, your chance is greater than mine was.

My experience as a dormitory sleeper stretches back quite some years, although it has been broken annually by relapsing into the luxurious-chamber type. Yet the break has been so minute that even though, mathematically speaking, the rope has been cut several times, the spirit has continued unbroken. As a result I may say that I have a continuous line of dormitory culture and thrills, pleasant or otherwise, as the case might be.

The first night of the novice is one of disgust, at least I felt such when I was ushered into a normal room (four walls, a ceiling that showed signs of leakage, and a floor) which was surprisingly large and well supplied with wide-open windows. On focusing my orbits I noticed

four rows of beds (these rows were straight, but it is not necessary), the second row head to head with the first, the third likewise head to head with the fourth. Between the second and third row was an aisle; between each bed a chair. Immediately I conceived the idea that A might get out on the wrong side of his bed and vest himself with B's clothes. But instead of wasting my intelligence on such a foolish conception I should have considered the welfare of my physical frame in relation to the size of the beds. For it was easy to see that their size was determined by the greatest number that could be packed into the room. As for the quality. Well, I happened to sit down rather relaxed on the edge of my bed not expecting any treachery. My neck snapped, my eyes watered; while my brain was whirling in a cloud of bewilderment I decided, then and there, that the quality of the bed at the moment of purchase was determined by the least amount of elasticity shown when suddenly loaded with a blacksmith's anvil. Little did I know then, in all my stupidity, that such beds are necessary to fulfill the definition of a dormitory. During that night I absorbed some of the rigidity of my bed, and the next morning I awoke stiff and sore from head to foot. Finally after many nights of patient perseverance the bed became molded to my figure, or more truthfully and probably more correctly, my physique became adjusted to the bed. From then on it was an adventure to get in bed, a romance to stay there, and a tragedy to get out. Yet in the light I see it now I wouldn't want a soft bed in a dormitory. It's entirely out of place.

Dropping the off hand impressions, the first night in a dormitory is uneventful and silent save for a few sobs which arise here and there. But as time goes on the souls of the dormant become accustomed to the spirit of their surroundings and blossom forth in their true light.

It is then that the most nauseating disturbance of slumber creeps in — snoring. I have always tried to be quite catholic in my dealings with other people, but when it comes to snoring I lose all consideration and charity. That it is no fault of the individual, I realize, but nevertheless to me it remains unpardonable. What should ever prompt anyone to imitate barnyard life when there are so many other soothing sounds more appropriate for those about to enter a fairy land. With all reverence for the individual, I think that a certain C— has the most obnoxious whistler I have ever heard. To hear him was to realize the beauties of good music. His intake started with a mild gurgle and swelled into the roar of a mighty foghorn; the exhaust stroke began with the whistle of a siren and faded into a hush like the rustling of leaves. Night after night he would serenade us with a new and more spirited movement of his "Unfinished Symphony." Occasionally a chorus would accompany him with the type of discordant harmony peculiar to a "snoraphone." Then indeed, the room would weave and creak as the screeching, grumbling, and whistling charged upon the four walls like a mighty

battering ram. Finally a group of raging heroes, and heroes they were without doubt, would violently unwind the noses of the culprits. Naturally a little heated discussion ensued, but the most burning utterance of the vocal organs are sweet compared to the sputtering of the nasal cavities.

The next door neighbor, or better still, the brother to snoring is grinding of the teeth. Although quite soft it makes one's spinal column feel as though someone were filing it. The boon connected with teeth grinding is that it doesn't last long. Just a few squeaks and "thou driftest gently down the tides of sleep." Mind you, if all the snorers would take to teeth-grinding the dormitory would be much more pleasant.

Yet this cradle of Morpheus has its comedian, the somniloquist. While he may cause the greatest of laughter he is unaware of his own witticism, and after he has spoken his bit he becomes a part of the unfathomable night. During my apprenticeship in dormitory life, one gentleman, who had already entered the kingdom of Somnus, boldly challenged us with "I'll bet you two bits." Well, no one was really intending to do any gambling right then. Furthermore, we didn't know what he was betting about, but it was very thoughtful to bring up the forgotten question. At times, however, the subjects discussed aren't so welcome. In the still of one winter's night, just as the wind was giving a little whistle, I heard someone near me shudder at length and squirm in his bed. I sat up to investigate; he sat up also and pleaded, "Help! Help! They are going to stab me!" The perspiration hit my pores so hard it must have sprayed all over. The thought uppermost in my mind as I disappeared between the sheets was that whoever they were, they would be satisfied with his blood and not come demanding mine. In moments like that a person wishes he could fold up like a collapsible top hat and float out the window.

And when someone bumps into your bed, awakening you, no doubt you wish you had a top-hat of solid steel to plant with vengeance over the ears of the rudderless individual. How some people can become so convinced of an optical illusion in the dark that they mistake a row of beds for an aisle, well, that's beyond me. Only once did I have the misfortune to get that corner bed around which everyone is supposed to walk (but few do). It is almost certain death, for any time during the night someone may turn too soon, or not turn at all and crush you under his awkward bulk. Naturally they address your bed in such language that it actually becomes soft. On the other hand, you in a half dormant state use those few words which come so easily in such a situation. The worst jolt I ever received turned my bed half way around (of course it was a fine bed with casters on it). I was so speechless that I uttered not a word; my offender politely said, "Pardon me." I was stunned. Completely beaten. Those two words put me into dreamland faster than any pill I had ever taken. Quite some time afterwards

I came to the conclusion that this was the only thing to say, the only way to settle a little dispute.

The troubles caused by the fresh-air fiend usually end in something a little less than a riot. One determined health-seeking person finds himself bayed by all his colleagues. Incidentally, you'll find one (not more than two out of twenty) of those fellows in every dormitory. Nothing would please him more than to have all the windows wide open during the winter months. If his blankets flutter like a flag at the top of a skyscraper he pounds his chest with jungle joy, while the rest of his companions lay shivering masses of gelatine flesh. It's impossible to freeze out one of these addicts. I have spent many a night hoping and praying that one of them would become so cold that he would finally arise and close at least *one* window. But no. He lay there as contented as an alligator basking in the sun. It is really tragic that there must be one cold, thick blooded individual among so many others who love a comfortable temperature. However, this one person can gradually be brought to order, and then the dormitory becomes that much more like heaven.

Do not think that this sacred chamber is far below heaven as it stands. No. In fact I would call it the gate of heaven even though there are some rusty spots on it. Moreover, if anyone would try to rub off these spots on account of some words of mine, he would sever my heart strings beyond repair.

We don't want a reformation in the dormitory. We'll take it as it is with its beds, snorers, windows, and we'll take them without the least bit of sympathy. For if anyone of these were taken away that noble spirit which seems to hover somewhere over the dormitory would be marred, and the place would no longer be what it was meant to be. However, if some generous soul wishes to do us a favor let him erect a simple monument (say a bronze bed or something) not in honor of, but in remembrance of those who have, are, and will spend some part of their life broadening their understanding of human beings, by sleeping in a dormitory.

# Moderation in Scholasticism

N. Theodore Staudt

*In this modern world of ours, very especially in our world of philosophy, there is a bright attractiveness in anything sane. Mr. Staudt, a Senior, summarizes with clarity the note of sanity in Scholastic philosophy. To us non-philosophers nothing seems more desirable than walking firmly on earth with one's head in the sky.*

THE SYNTHESIS of thought which is Scholastic philosophy was conceived and formed by the mind of St. Thomas out of the treasures of wisdom accumulated in previous ages. To the task he brought a power of intellect, of discernment, of judgment, of clear and precise logic. These enabled him to clear away the dross of exaggeration and fancy, of extreme opinion; to weigh, for merit and truth, conflicting doctrine; and finally to enunciate and formulate the profound principles of philosophy upon which later Scholastic thought was founded. It is not any wonder that the mind of St. Thomas has been likened to "a lake-basin that absorbs the waters streaming in from every quarter, lets sink whatever of rubbish they bring along, so that the surface forms a clear and tranquil mirror in which the blue vault of heaven is solemnly reflected."<sup>1</sup> It was his invariable practice to "give ear to the opinions of the ancients . . . . to make his own whatever of good they have said, and to shun what they have said mistakenly."<sup>2</sup> By the numerous quotations of previous thinkers in his own works, St. Thomas gives ample evidence of the persistence with which he strove to search out the truths which previous ages had discovered and revealed. His method is that of comparing opinions, weighing them, and casting those aside which did not conform to objective truth. Consistently throughout his works, there is evidence of a striving toward a golden mean between opposed theories; an avoidance of extremes; a sense of limit; moderation.

Scholasticism, though predominantly Aristotelian, (since St. Thomas regarded Aristotle as *The Philosopher*), is bound by no single system of thought of previous centuries. It is in part Aristotelian, Platonic, and Averroistic, not in the sense that it subscribes to the doctrines of any of the systems, *in toto*, but in the sense that it is the *via media* between them all. It assimilates, as is the right of every system in search of truth, the sound teachings of previous philosophers. Scho-

1. William, Otto, in Olgiati-Zybura, *The Key to the Study of St. Thomas*, p. 1

2. *De Anima*, I, 1. 2

lasticism corrects and complements the Naturalism of Aristotle and the Idealism of Plato, taking into consideration in this synthesis, the teachings of those men also who followed in the path blazed by those Grecian pioneers. St. Thomas planted Scholasticism on the same Aristotelian ground with the Averroists; he injected into it the vigorous and vital germs of Augustinianism which traces its rise to Plato. He subjected each inflowing stream to merciless and calm criticism and then steered his course in the middle path with the beacon lights of truth assimilated from the conflicting elements to guide him safely.

In the distinction between reason and faith, Philosophy and Theology, we see Scholasticism again limiting herself to a moderate view. The Thomists hold that reason is not faith. Theology is not philosophy. Yet the two are not completely divorced; they bear to each other a definite and natural relationship. The object of each is truth. Both deal with revelation, in a sense; Theology with that which is directly revealed; philosophy, with that which is indirectly revealed, that is those truths revealed by God to man through the means of the human intellect. The principle of the two truths falsely attributed to Averroes is rejected by Scholasticism. What is true in philosophy must be true even when scrutinized by the light of revelation; what is revealed in Theology must be accepted by philosophy, while Scholasticism recognizes in Theology a superior science and accepts it as a guide and owns itself to be its handmaid.

"The Thomistic synthesis displays a magnificent confidence in human reason without becoming rationalistic. Its method is a harmonious combination of induction, analysis and synthesis."<sup>3</sup> Scholasticism leans neither too strongly to *a priorism*, nor to supremacy of the intellect. It defends the birthright of the intellect as the faculty of knowing reality, for taking hold of being, as the interpreter of the real. It establishes the objectivity of knowledge, the power of the intellect to discover, but not to create, reality and the validity of necessary and universal judgments. Yet it is loud in its appeal to experience, to observation and experiment. It is evidential philosophy based on the twofold evidence of the things perceived by the senses and the intellectual apprehension of the force of first principles. It is the mean between the extremes of rationalism and empiricism. It is the philosophy of being, satisfying every demand of reality and supported by and modeled upon what is. It is a universal philosophy; it reflects not a nationality or a race or class or the warped ambition or melancholy of an individual, but it is the expression of reason which is everywhere the same while giving true place and due merit to the finest of knowledge discovered by the giants of human intelligence; it never betrays those vital convictions which are as wide as humanity and acquired by every mind, the dicta of common sense.

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3. Bandas-Zybura, *Contemporary Philosophy and Thomistic Principles*, p. 7

It has no quarrel with physical science, the genuine discoveries of which it willingly accepts and weaves into higher synthesis, but it still maintains that it is, itself, superior to the wisdoms that deal solely with the mundane, and claims a certain transcendency.

In the solution of the problem of knowledge, Scholasticism holds the middle way between Idealism and Naïve Realism. It denies that the external world is simply reflected in consciousness as in a mirror and that there is nothing active in the process of knowledge on the part of the knower. It proposes, on the other hand, the solution that knowledge is a complex phenomenon, the product of two factors, the object and the subject, the known and the knower. By a process of assimilation, the two are united; the knower invests the thing known with something of itself. But this solution does not imply that one can know only the internal, subjective modifications of himself, for the real thing-out-there plays a part in the act of knowing. It begins the very process of knowing by entering into consciousness through the avenue of the external senses. Scholasticism thus safeguards itself from Idealism. In the process of knowledge, men attain to reality and being, independent of their act of knowing, and thus become possessed of knowledge which is true, but confessedly inadequate.<sup>4</sup> Thus the theory of knowledge, proposed by Scholastics, is a combination of spiritualism and sensationalism. The abstract idea is grasped in the sensation, and the one completes the other. Its epistemology is the *via media* between the naïve realism and phenomenism.

We find further evidence of the golden mean in the doctrine of actuality and potentiality that Scholastics hold. This doctrine tempers the doctrine of Dynamism with its passive and quantitative element; it subscribes to neither static being nor flux. But, by its theory of Potency and Act, it explains satisfactorily the process of becoming and the fact of Being, the one and the many, identity and substantial change. Matter, in itself, is essentially inert, unformed, *prope nihil*; it is the form that specifies, the form that identifies.

In Anthropology and Psychology, Scholasticism is marked again with moderation. Man is neither pure spirit nor pure matter, but occupies a position between the two, being composed of a material body and a spiritual soul. His actions are not the mere response to outward or interior stimulation; he is not a mechanical device which can be driven by the first gust of sensory appeal. He does, indeed, suffer stimulation from without, but his properly human actions are the result of a choice between motives impelling to act or not to act, to perform this deed or that. Some of these actions are dependent entirely on material things; others are most certainly independent of them. But because of the substantial and complete union between the material and the spiritual in

4. De Wulf, M., *Medieval Philosophy*, pp. 42 ff.

man, both types are attributable to the Ego. In the question of man's origin, it is possible to say that there is evidence of the *via media* even here. Scholasticism denies absolute evolution and yet makes room for a mitigated form of evolution in so far as it can accept it as an explanation of the origin of man's body. It proposes the doctrine of creation by an Infinite God as the only explanation of the origin of the spiritual element in man. It demands that an act of creation is necessary for the substantial form of each new human being, yet it does not deny the possibility that his body, inherited from the original human being, may have been the result of an evolution intended and directed by the Providence of God and begun by His creative Act, ultimately.

Examining another phase of philosophy, namely Ethics, we find moderation again. In Scholastic Ethics, the ultimate end of man consists in the union with God in unending contemplation. All actions which do not in some way tend to this end are unmoral. Yet, in the state of life on earth, intellectual happiness does not exclude the reasonable satisfaction of the body. Duty is harmonized with pleasure; exaggerated asceticism is frowned upon. Hedonism, which places man's highest good and chief aim in pleasure, in sensual satisfaction, is foreign to the Scholastic mind, as is its inseparable companion, materialism.

With its ethical ideal, Scholasticism joins its political theory. In its doctrine of laws it avoids the extremes of overemphasis and idolatry of the state, which would reduce the individual to the status of a puppet; yet it recognizes the divine right of authority and the duty of the individual to the common good. The divine right of kings is entirely without foundation in the Scholastic political theory which invests the people with the supreme authority who in turn waive the right to decide by whom and in what manner they are to be ruled. The priceless guarantees of the American Constitution, and indeed of every constitution which pronounces life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, inalienable rights of the individual, find their roots in the philosophy of Scholasticism. It is a system of political theory in which neither the rights of the individual are overestimated or minimized, nor the rights of the ruler overstated or curtailed, but each is limited and circumscribed to the end that the common good is promoted and looked upon as the end to be achieved. In no other department of philosophy is the characteristic of sense of limit and moderation more clearly evident.

This sense of measure and of moderation stamps Scholasticism as eminently human. It is evident in every solution that Scholasticism proposes to the problems of philosophy. Instances could be multiplied almost indefinitely. Beyond those of which mention has already been made, one might look to the solution of the problem of universals and find that Scholasticism is the golden mean between exaggerated realism and conceptualism. It holds that the universal cannot have existence in the real order, nor yet is it limited to the purely ideal, but it has a foundation for

its existence in the mind, firmly rooted in objective and real things. In its principles of Logic, it is found that Scholasticism is not distinctively and solely deductive, nor yet entirely and exclusively inductive, but a happy medium between the two, or rather that it utilizes both deduction and induction, speculation and experience to the advantage of both. And in Cosmology, Scholasticism again escapes monism, both pantheistic and materialistic, and offers a rational dualism of God and creatures; Infinite and finite, self and non-self; matter and spirit. In Esthetics, the objective aspect of beauty is completed by the subjective aspect, or the impression which the beautiful produces in us.

Thomism is perennially true. It has the power and the dignity, the universality and indestructibility of truth itself. It is above all personal, social, and national. It is the philosophy of the golden mean, a corrective of the various extremes to which a great deal of modern thought has run as the result of singling out particular aspects of the real and by over-emphasis and the isolation of these aspects resulting in a warped and one-sided conception of reality. Scholasticism sees things steadily and sees them whole. It has regard for every portion of reality but overstresses none. A proper balance and perspective is maintained throughout. No interest or passion dims or distorts the intellectual vision; truth alone is the object of its quest; loyalty to first principles and to the spontaneous convictions of mankind its watch-word. Scholasticism is a well-poised, organically articulated, comprehensive view of reality, which recognizes both the power and the limitation of the human intellect.

# Notes for Listeners

## The Grand Canyon Suite

Charles J. Peitz, Jr.

*The interest of Mr. Peitz, a Sophomore, reaches other arts beyond the graphic. Here, in something more than mere program notes, he tells of his discoveries in the field of modern music. Most striking of all is his discussion of the in-weaving of Grofe's themes.*

ONE of the most delightful characteristics of Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* is its unusual combination of depth and weight with humor and wit. The composition has a distinctly American atmosphere, too, yet no slightest trace of provinciality. It has the classic charm of the Old World coupled with the clever raciness of the New. In short, the work is a remarkable fusion of depth and frivolity.

*Sunrise*, the first movement, is perhaps the most eloquent of the five. It is distinguished by a clarion call, the high resounding notes of beginning day. The section begins with a soft rumble of drums, accompanied by a sustained tone of violins, giving an effect of the chirping of birds. The whole idea of sunrise is brought out by a gradual building of notes, one upon the other. Everything seems to be awakening, drowsily at first, then springing to life with startling suddenness, like some great flower unfolding at dawn. With a great burst of power and majesty, the golden sunlight outlines cameo-like the yawning grandeur of the canyon. Then, day is awake in a great clash of instruments.

Just as imaginative as *Sunrise* is *Painted Desert*, the second part. The low subdued tones of the violins give an effect of deepest melancholy. The desert appears vast, sinister. The beauties of nature spread out in an immense panorama of vivid colors, teasing the eye and ranging from the most delicate pink to the deepest purple. It is as if one were seated on a high peak overlooking a vast terrain stained under the glare of a cloudless sky. The great burst of music is broken only by the plaintive sound of an English horn in haunting repetition of the original theme. Grofe has built this movement on essentially the same pattern of notes as those of *Sunrise*, yet has arranged them in such a way as to create a feeling consistent with the distance, the magnificence of the desert.

In marked contrast to the weight and sombreness of *Painted Desert* is the light and attractive *On the Trail*. Of all five parts, this is probably the most popular. The beginning is a discordant repetition of the original theme. Suddenly there is the laughing bray of a donkey and the steady clip-clop of hooves in trickey, thrilling rhythm. One pictures the perils of the tortuous trail, dangerous, yet so enticing and adventurous. The lonely "Song of the Cowboy" breaks forth in the smooth tones of bass saxophones, gradually increasing in speed and terminating with another discordant bray of the donkey. Then, the sound of hooves again, going faster and faster and ending in a great rolling movement of bass viols and horns.

Day is ended. Twilight floods the landscape. Resonant cornets sound the original theme in soft, subdued tones. *Sunset* is at hand. The desert appears serene and majestic. Violins, trumpets, and trombones blend to give an effect of peaceful rapture. The great flower which sprang open with such suddenness at dawn draws in its petals in gentle sleep. The whole world lolls sleepily.

But the peace which reigned so completely in *Sunset* takes on an ominous turn in the fifth and last part, *Cloudburst*. This movement too, is built on essentially the same pattern of notes as the first. There is the lull before the storm, then a sudden crash of drums as the storm bursts. The wail of the wind and the patter of rain is admirably achieved by the violins, all the while accompanied by the haunting melody of the cowboy's song. The whole effect is one of cold bleakness. Pianos contribute light touches of swirling rain. The whole selection increases in volume until, with a great rumbling of drums, it comes to a glorious finish.

So ends Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite*. Its beauty cannot be denied. In composing it, Grofe has earned for himself the right to be called a truly great musician, has placed himself among the masters. The work is daily becoming more popular and at present seems destined to take its rightful rank among the masterpieces of all time.

# Symphony in D Minor

William Kramer

*This seminarian writes of Cesar Franck with the deep understanding of his Faith. Not often does music take on the inner meaning of purely spiritual significance; to be able to appreciate this fully is perhaps even rarer. Mr. Kramer's message merits your attention.*

THE LEARNED professors and instrumental virtuosi of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra tilted their groomed noses and laughed neatly. Who indeed was this Belgium pedagogue Franck? What bizarre concept of music must he have to term this heterogeneous bundle of sounds a symphony? Let him dash up and down the streets of Paris teaching theory to his hopeful pupils, but let him not presume upon the intelligence and dignity of the Conservatory to the extent of foisting on their attention his illiterate attempts at composition. "My dear sir, who ever heard of writing for the English horn in a symphony?" asked one of these savants of the master's pupil d'Indy after that memorable first performance on the nineteenth of February, 1889. "Just a single symphony by Haydn or Beethoven introducing the English horn. There, well, you see — your Franck's music may be whatever you please, but it will certainly never be a symphony." Had it not been for the understanding and insistent enthusiasm of the conductor, M. Jules Garcin, this now so popular Symphony in D Minor would never have been played that night. As it turned out, the performance was so miserable that the imperturbable composer was the only one who went away satisfied.

We are amazed at the lack of penetration of these educated Parisians — at their dullness of soul perhaps, — but were they so benighted? We, to whom the lapse of time has granted understanding, are convinced that they were wrong, but with a second thought we can look with some indulgence on their error. In this matter of art we ourselves look askance on anything new, good and bad alike. These men were educated in the music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, the classic giants who molded the symphony into its present form. By 1889 music had been infused with Romanticism, notably that of Brahms and Liszt, but the spiritual qualities, the serene freedom, and loftiness of thought of Cesar Franck was entirely new to it. Candor is often least welcome in a contemporary, so the extreme openness with which the personality of the kindly but unprepossessing organist of St. Clotilde's Cathedral radiates from his music —

to us a pearl of great price, an appeal that thrills us to the marrow — may have had a homely and disagreeable effect on those who knew him superficially in life. Perhaps he reminded them of the inside of a church. At any rate they accused him of violating the traditional symphonic form, and they were the first rank musicians of their day, educated enough to know what the symphony meant in its nineteenth century connotation.

First of all there was the principal theme. The much vaunted question motif was no novelty to them. Beethoven's music abounded in interrogative phrases of vast scope and poignant meaning, and even the facile Liszt had made use of the peculiar rising inflection with its portentous seriousness in "Les Preludes." Then this Cesar Franck was an imitator, less subtle in construction than his models, less effective, and guilty of interspersing his drumming, hypnotic theme with hardly pertinent improvisations, due to his having grown old and doting on the organ bench of St. Clotilde's. Being contemporaries of the composer, what they failed to appreciate, if they discerned it at all, was the new vitality that breathed in the old idea. Beethoven, powerful in mind, noble of feeling, searching of intellect, and finally bereft of hearing, in his silent, lonely world could well find within himself the question that would stir men's souls. But for all his musical genius, the tang of the purely natural man will live in his theme. He displays religious sincerity surely; it is natural for man to believe in God. But Cesar Franck was Catholic in the brightest sense of the word. With Beethoven he found the query of life in nature, but he reached beyond and found the answer to the query in the haven of revealed religion. So his great interrogation is often wondering, sometimes complaining, at times almost despairing, but in the end of the first movement it finds its climax in a major key of vibrant hope. The so-called improvisations, in reality passages of painstaking workmanship, gain, in the light of this spirituality, a beautiful timeliness; and the wonderfully logical sequence of moods throughout the symphony is sufficient to balance, on the scale of beauty, any defect of musicianship that critics still find there.

Of all the early criticisms of this symphony, the uncanny adversity to the English horn strikes us most queerly and lives the longest in the memory as a tale. But the English horn can emit most disagreeable sounds in the hands of an inexperienced player. An untrained lip or an ill-chosen reed can de-spiritualize in an instant its melody in the second movement. The movement itself requires the closest sympathy in its interpretation, and it is little wonder that in the hands of its first hostile performers it left a definitely unfavorable impression on the audience. Well executed, the harp-effect of plucked strings, the plaintive cry of the English horn, and the pure tones of the French horn produce an effect that is little short of heavenly.

The third movement is a triumph. After the calm, contemplative mood of the second movement, the racy opening theme of the third dips

up and down the scale in the exultation of new found joy. Then follows the more solid theme in the brass as of joy made perpetual. There are moments of contemplation, blissful now, and more brave. There are times too when the old question reasserts itself among the strings, but in its new surroundings it is but a passing recollection, and seems to say not "What does it mean?" but rather, "Why did we wonder?" Again critics complain of a defect in art and imagination at the restating in the last movement of the themes of the first and second, almost without alteration. Again the answer is in the development of the spiritual theme, not by any means the slavish representation of a supernatural ideal in sound, but the pure musical modality that flows freely from a soul as spiritually rich as Cesar Franck's. For even more than the formal perfection which the majority of musicians find in this symphony, we admire the sterling character of a Catholic man as it is reflected so fully and so faithfully therein, — the shining faith, the sublime ideals, and the humble courage that enabled him to soar as freely as a lark to unprecedented heights of imagination and feeling, without the slightest constraint from the opinions of the people about him.

## Symphony Number Two

George Lubeley

*With grace and facility, the author of this short piece plumbs the depths of Johannes Brahms' masterful creation. To see the twofold spirit of this symphony requires something both of the philosopher and of the dreamer. George Lubeley has both.*

JOHANNES BRAHMS was a full, complete man, an artist who attained in his work the difficult feat of presenting the intellect and emotion in their proportions. Perhaps it is his *Symphony No. 2 in D Major* that best illustrates this fact. Here is a joy mellowed by the wisdom of a philosopher, a sorrow soothed with the beauty of its own expression. The philosopher is never overruled by the impetuosity of the dreamer; yet, the dreamer is never subservient to the philosopher. At times the latter's wisdom might stun the former and for a moment express itself almost too boldly. But there are always instances where the dreamer retaliates.

Apparently the sage is in deep thought when the basses and cellos begin the first movement with the pronouncement of the initial notes.

But the dreamer is present on the scene too. He takes the melody, gives it to the horns and attempts to arouse the other from his musings. Other instruments seize the theme, work with it, invert it, enjoy it as they gradually build to a point of climax at which the violins announce in a stirring variation of the opening melody that the sage has been awakened. Section after section of the orchestra echoes the violins' cry until the variation ends only in the introduction of the second theme. Here the man of thought joins with him who would rush madly on, soothes him and produces a sonorous melody which is first discovered by the cellos and violas. Caught almost immediately in a higher register by the strings, the theme moves through the orchestra until it resolves into a heavy rhythm.

But the struggle has already broken beyond the field of melody; it has entered the field of rhythm. The imagination of the one man has grasped the little accentuation in the second theme of the first movement, permitted it to drift through various instruments in the orchestra until he has drawn it forth again a new and powerful weapon with which he now taunts the other. Similar instances may be cited also in the third and fourth movements. Throughout the symphony it is this battle of rhythms, this subtle change from one type of accent to another, that so completely demands our interest.

In the final movement we discover another expression of the conflict — the conflict in the manner of orchestration. After the theme of utter joy and happiness has been introduced and built to the volume of a full orchestra, the climax is broken off to a transition by the clarinets into the secondary melody. As a matter of fact, to deny the masterful changes in orchestration in the symphony as a whole one must deny and forget the beauty it contains.

# Editorials

## A Model For Catholic Action

N. Theodore Staudt

On the whole, the majority of our Catholic Colleges have awakened to the realization that Catholic Action, if it is to find impetus in our Colleges, must be fostered by the publications of the College. This year we see the first signs of this Catholic Action renaissance in our journals. It has taken many forms. We have seen searching analyses of present conditions in a few of our publications. In others we find new horizons of Action proposed; while still others have developed their entire magazine with the underlying theme of Catholicity. Much has been contributed to the cause of the Faith by some Colleges. But still, we find a need for a great deal more work in this regard by others of our Colleges. We feel that the difficulty and laxity in some of our publications does not lie in the refusal to do their share for such a noble purpose, but rather, we believe, rests in the uncertainty and doubt as to what to write about and how to write about it. In other words, we need a pattern from which we might fashion our method and around which we might center our activity.

There is a publication that we believe will adequately and aptly fill the need of a pattern. *Integration* is its name. Without a doubt this magazine is by far the last word on the subject of Catholic Action. And anyone who has given this magazine a few moments of his time will, we feel certain, agree with us. This magazine is published by a select group of Catholic students at Cambridge University in England. They have banded together to foster by their writing some truly great examples of Catholicity. And through their persistent and painstaking scholarship, their critical analyses and lively Faith have presented to the world one of the best examples of truly great scholarship in Catholic endeavor.

In order to appreciate *Integration* more fully, we learn that these same students that edit this publication are not scholars that have experienced many years of research and study, as one might gather from the style and content of their writing, but are young students of the same age as you and I. And surely this magazine shows us that age is not essential for good, solid, sincere Action.

Neither do these students have the backing of a college for financial

support or helpful criticism and encouragement, but through their own initiative these young men develop, arrange and publish their writings. Solely through its merit, the magazine exists. Can we say the same of ours!

Through the battle of financial obstacles and moral discouragement, *Integration* presents its views. From the light of Catholicism, it develops such studies as the conditions of the Catholic Church in England, the unbelief of the time, the world crisis. Too, it presents new views, solid Catholic ones on Nazism, Fascism and other such dictatorial "isms." It does not concern itself solely with conditions of the times but develops masterful articles on such subjects as prayer, poetry, education and science. Reviews of Catholic books play a role in filling the content of the magazine. All in all, *Integration* is the most solid publication that we have ever opened.

We surely have an inspiration and a pattern in *Integration*. We see in it what ours should and could be. From it we can well ascertain what form and subject matter we should present to our readers. There is a wealth of ideas in it. We can learn, too, new methods of development and presentation of a so-called "hackneyed" subject, Catholic Action.

With this splendid model let us go forward with renewed speed and fervor, striving to obtain similar scholarship, like leadership and courage as that from which we have patterned our publications.

## Slang

William Foley

Slang is no longer something which is associated exclusively with the lower strata of society, or as being peculiar to such places as pool rooms and taverns. The truth is that the vocabulary most of us employ in our everyday speech contains a goodly percentage of plain old American slang. Contrary to those who abhor colloquialisms and contend that all conventional language is a malicious assault upon the King's English, the writer believes that fresh, original slang, used with an amount of good taste is legitimate and justifiable. Coarseness and vulgarity are, of course, ruled out, since they fall under the ban of good taste. Slang is, in many cases, more concise, crisper and more colorful than the ordinary words would be. Too, it is of America, and reveals clearly that tendency of Americans to seek the novel, a characteristic which causes them to take up quickly some new and clever word; but such a trait is not wrong, so we Americans need not be ashamed of our talk.

Slang has its extremists, for there are people who strive for an effect by laboring to make their speech ultra-picturesque. The jargon of these individuals is pretty tiresome and is practically devoid of pungency and color. Nothing, on the other hand, is more heartwarming than to listen to a person who can adeptly word a phrase in good Americanese. Unfortunately, it requires an amount of skill to handle adroitly the vernacular tongue and not many possess this ability. College students have always shown amazing mental agility when it comes to coining new words. The campus has been the birthplace of many a catchy metaphor. The newspapers, too, have originated and popularized innumerable slang words, the sports' page being a particularly fertile ground. Expressions peculiar to a trade or profession, or to a certain locality, have a way of seeping into the language, and gradually come to be bandied about in daily conversation.

It should be remembered that slang expressions have their day and with the passage of time become stale and trite. The banalities of stereotyped phrases should be avoided; instead, words which are crisp and original should be sought. Such fresh contributions to the well of English prove that the language is in no danger of decaying.

## Book Reviews

*The Human Caravan* by Jean du Plessis, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1938. Translated by Francis Jackson, 1939, 359 pp.

To the interested student and scholar, history is a far more extensive and fascinating field than is comprehended in the dates of battles and in the rise and fall of powdered wigs. Beneath the turbid events of past and present lies a strong unity and direction. The facts point focally to some deep center of forces and indicate definite and discernible trends in the movements of history. There is a note of progression, if not of progress, in the fact that the nations that went to war in the days of Abraham were tiny family tribes. In the times of Greece and Babylon they had grown to cities, and the growth continued through the Mediterranean Empire of Rome, and the kingdoms of the Middle Ages, to the world powers of the present. What is the implication? Similarly, what is the meaning of those uncertain thousands of years in which fallen man was allowed to stumble in darkness before the advent of the Savior? What light does paleontology shed on the interpretation of history? Is the genealogy of the Stone-Age Man to Adam forwards or backwards? Why should the modern age be the age of speed rather than any other, and to what grand climax in the pathless expanse of time is this mad pace hurtling us? Issues such as these are the challenge to the human intellect that keep the life-blood stirring in the sciences of history.

These and similar questions revolved for the space of a life-time in the mind of the author and scholar, Jean du Plessis. They found expression in the book under discussion, *The Human Caravan*. He himself states in his introductory chapter: "The very plan and the contents of this little book gradually achieved precision in my mind in the course of solitary watches, and even during the struggles of trench warfare." In a lifetime of study he seems to have mastered all knowledge pertaining directly or indirectly to history, and in his synthetic mind he sifted and pondered in his chosen field of thought until he had worked out ten expansive laws governing the development of history, like Newton's Laws of Motion. The most striking of these are perhaps the Laws of Unification and Acceleration. In accordance with the former, as man develops socially and extends his dominion over matter, the distinction between family, clan, and race tend to be overridden by the ties of the common nature that links man to man, until the Human Caravan becomes one in race, customs, and civilization. We have noted an example

of this in the political development from Abraham's wandering family to the world Empire of Great Britain. According to the second law, the Law of Acceleration, the events of time, from their inchoation in the dawn of history, have been moving onward with ever increasing velocity, roughly, as our astute author observes, within the same mathematical formula that determines the acceleration of freely falling bodies under the influence of gravity. Just to what limits this acceleration may run before it is checked by the natural resistance of matter and man's physical make-up, the author does not venture to say, but this law throws an interesting light on the puzzle of modern speed.

Darwin in his time also offered a grand plan of universal history, but the great difference between the *Origin of Species* and *The Human Caravan* is religion. Without subtracting in the least from the powers of nature, Monsieur du Plessis gives to religion the place in history that it actually filled. In fact, he does more than that. History and religion are so much a part of his life that a book on history and religion is a reflection of his very soul. This book is his life's work, and avowedly the manifestation of the whole man, his intellectual powers, his speculative imagination, his own religious feeling, and not a little poetry. *The Human Caravan* reads more like the Bible than a treatise on a scientific subject. Whatever impression such an apparently incongruous style of writing may make on the reader, it may be said that the sincerity of it makes a contact between writer and reader that is by no means unpleasant, and quite effective. It holds the interest where the abstract beauties of mathematics often fail to do so, and it does not detract in the least from the value of the author's penetrating observations. One thing is certain, it preserves his work from the monstrous error of the materialistic philosophers in sidestepping the first and foremost purpose for which the *Human Caravan* began its march at all.

It may be that not all readers will be in direct sympathy with Jean du Plessis when, in order to give a place in history to the fossil findings of late years, he makes Adam and Eve antecedent in culture to the thick-skulled cro-Magnon Man. Tradition likes to glorify our common parents, but present knowledge gives very little grounds for improving their condition after the fall. This and similar interpretations of du Plessis for the dark ages when man left no written record are bound for almost certain revision as the science of paleontology brings more factual knowledge to the feet of the contemplative scholar. The ten laws of the development of history, however, if the test of time proves them comprehensive enough, may be the basis of a better organized and more satisfying study of history in the future.

William Kramer

*Great Catholics* Edited by Claude Williamson, O.S.C., New York:  
The Macmillan Company, 1939, 456 pp.

Great Catholics! With whom do you desire to become better acquainted or perhaps first introduced? I regret that this work does not allow me to reply: "Look here for whom you wish." The chances are too great that you would seek some great Catholic not to be found here. Of course, no gallery can be complete. No one hand-sized collection in the world could succeed in satisfying all comers.

Yet why were the pen-sketches, appreciations, and condensed life-stories of these particular men and women here so handily compiled? To reply would only be to suppose on my part. No introduction, no preface graces the first pages of this attractive volume to inform me of the purpose or method of the selection. Curiosity has a right to put in its complaint.

This work, nevertheless, has many points worth anyone's appreciation. If you pick up this volume to find a great Catholic figure in any period since the time of Christ you will not be forced to go elsewhere. The forty-three lives here recorded have been arranged in chronological order. No long period of time, as history goes, passes between any two figures.

Moreover, this anthology of noble Catholic lives gives a fine example of the fact that Catholicism is for all, regardless of their state of life. With the exception of clergy and religious, you will find on the whole that no two have run their sands in the same field of endeavor. Theologian and mystic, architect and painter, knight and patriot, printer and educator, statesman and historian, social worker and scientist — the lives of such men and women have been printed here in small pica and put between two green covers. They are of almost all races, an international gathering, although it is true that the English and French have the leading number.

But (and this is rather interesting) if you are seeking a musician, look elsewhere. I can only wonder why no worker in this broad and attractive profession has been included. Is not Cesar Franck, or Giovanni da Palestrina followed by a train of greatness which claims loudly some recognition? Again how fittingly could not the life of some modern layman, G. K. Chesterton for example, have been joined to the group here presented. Such objections, of course, fall to the lot of every anthology, but how nicely a preface would have blown away these queries!

The editor, Claude Williamson, O.S.C., has granted here as many authors as there are biographies. From this comes, clearly, a variety of style that is unavoidably appealing. Half of these baby-biographies are so fascinatingly and charmingly written that they diminish measurably the number of pen-sketches which are rather uninterestingly set down. Some, however, of these uninteresting pieces can claim forgive-

ness, for, to cite but one case, it takes a master to write in brief scope of the life and work of a mystic.

Letting all complaints stand, I, nevertheless, lay *Great Catholics* aside, satisfied and wiser. This is a beautiful anthology, a handy volume for general reference for any one seeking a glimpse of the innumerable throng of great Catholic personages.

Leo Gaulrapp

*War in Heaven* by Philip Barry, New York: Coward McCann, 1938, 250 pp.

We do not have many contemporary Catholic dramatists, but of those few that we do have, Philip Barry is perhaps the best known and the most active. He has given us such scintillating social comedies as *Holiday* and *Paris Bound*, a delightful fantasy, *White Wings*, a religious drama, *John*, as well as two plays, *Tomorrow and Tomorrow* and *The Animal Kingdom* which met with moral disfavor among Catholics. But we Catholics pushed the memory of these latter two plays further back in our mind in view of his fine work on *Hotel Universe* and *The Joyous Season*. And now, Philip Barry has given us another drama, *Here Comes the Clowns*, on which the novel, *War in Heaven* is based with some changes. Its theme and handling give us good cause to be justly proud of Mr. Barry.

The theme of *War in Heaven*, as Barry avers, is essentially very simple — the conflict of good and evil. It is in the overtones, in the fact that good and evil are presented in human shapes and placed in highly dramatic situations that their warring is so engrossing and so keenly felt. Good is presented in the form of Dan Clancy in whom "There was something that was fierce and imperishable." Poor Clancy, a stageshifter in a vaudeville house, has met with so many simultaneous misfortunes that he felt it necessary to find out the cause and the good of evil in this world of ours. And hence his seemingly insane interruption of the vaudeville presentation at the Globe Theatre on Good Saturday night. And why did he come before the footlights and ask "Are you out there?" The trusting and believing Clancy was looking for God to be there that night, for at Cleveland a few days before he felt sure God would be at the Globe Theatre. He wanted desperately to get some explanations from God about the evil in the world. But God was not in the Globe Theatre on Good Saturday night.

Clancy is persuaded to leave the stage and is taken over to Ma Speedy's back room which is reserved for the *artistes* of the Globe Theatre. There are assembled examples of defiled honor, unmerited suffering, and freaks of nature that may be "laid" directly at God's

door. Barry handles the exposition of the troubles, trials, and inmost secrets of this group with extreme deftness. He accomplishes this through the character of Max Pabst who doubles for God and the devil and in a masterful stroke of irony shows how evil oftentimes so disguises itself that it cannot be discerned from good. The climax of this battle is reached in a well handled recognitional scene. All of the elements, the intensity of the conflict, the abundance of dialogue, and the recognitional scene betray a novel based on a drama.

Partially, the reason for the existence of *War in Heaven* is undoubtedly its differing in ending from *Here Come the Clowns*. Mr. Barry probably had some scruples as to the advisability of having Clancy die in the play, so he wrote it as a novel with a different ending. To me, the ending of *War in Heaven* is far more satisfactory than is the death of Clancy in the drama. Though the symbolism becomes more involved, the ending is more powerful and depicts the problem of good and evil more as it is — good conquering evil in the end.

The problem of symbolism is a pressing one in the art of today. This is not the place for a discussion of this topic, but I do wish to say that Philip Barry has used unconventional symbols and some new ones of his own to great advantage. Quite a few readers, no doubt, will have trouble with this symbolism but if one is conscious of the fact that it is present and looks for it he will be better able to make out the symbols and what they represent.

*War in Heaven* as a novel is very poor; as a drama in the form of a novel and judged on a dramatic basis it is superb. The description in *War in Heaven* amounts to little more than stage directions while the dialogue comprises by far the bulk of the novel. But the dialogue, and Mr. Barry is a recognized master at dialogue, is faultless. At the climax the dialogue takes on a poetic nature and "gets off the ground." Barry's dialogue and not his description create Dan Clancy and Max Pabst who, to my mind, are the best characters that he has ever created, almost his first true characters.

The drama-lover will find much pleasure in noting the entrances and the exits of the characters as well as the climaxes for curtains. The religious reader will find an interesting and engrossing discussion of the problem of evil and good. All readers will find in *War in Heaven* a conflict that will monopolize their attention. Their pleasure derived from the deft handling of the theme will go a long way in obliterating the memory of Philip Barry's two morally unsuccessful plays.

Henry Kenney

# Exchanges

John Morrison

In this issue of *MEASURE* we will somewhat temper our policy of making a complete analysis of each individual item in a whole publication and confine our remarks to items that are of exceptional merit or are lacking in some degree. Lack of space compels us to ignore selections that are neither extraordinarily good nor yet very bad. We will continue our policy of judging the magazine as a unit, however, the worth of the publication is to be fixed by the merit of its component parts. For the elimination of average quality material will not have any effect on the value of the whole, since its inclusion would neither add to nor detract from it.

We have selected for complete criticism two magazines published by the students of men's colleges; one, of a women's college; and one, of a co-educational institution.

The first example of masculine endeavor is the *Loyola Quarterly*, published by the students of Loyola University at Chicago. The general outward appearance of this magazine, while not exceptionally impressive, is quite satisfactory. A high quality of paper and a very clear type make for easy reading. There is, however, an utter lack of art work, so that the general appearance of the printed matter, while not at all forbidding, is not nearly so attractive as it might be made with the addition of some art.

There is some variety both in the type of articles and their arrangement within the magazine. In the departmental section of the book we find one shortcoming. There is no Exchange Department. Surely we are not unreasonable in making a plea to the publishers of the *Loyola Quarterly* that they undertake an active exchange program, including the establishment of an Exchange Department in their publication, for by so doing they will make their magazine more complete and will gain the advantages of Exchange work which we cited in the preceding issues of *MEASURE*.

“A Poet Philosophizes” is a thoughtful appreciation of the Roman poet, Lucretius, who dabbled in philosophy and physics, not on the side but within his poetry. The author also treats of the light in which people of today hold the men who were considered great in former ages but whose activities are not now fully appreciated. This article is marked by no small amount of thought and by an attractive familiar style.

Of the three short stories we found “Turn on the Lights” to be the

best. It is a very powerful piece of work. So also is "Valhalla" powerful but the impression left by it is not so vivid. "Music with a Soul" is of an entirely different nature. The plot is not new and the surprise ending is redolent of the work of Mark Hellinger, the newspaper columnist.

The most marked quality of "To Fight or Not To Fight" is its strict logic, but coming on the heels of recent events it is valuable for its timeliness as well.

"Notes on a Crisis' Crescendo" is presumably a satirical article in defense of the action of Great Britain's prime minister in the recent German-Czechoslovakian affair. The satire is very evident but the theme of the article, if the defense mentioned above was its theme, is very obscure, being shown only in the middle of the article. The opening paragraphs dealing with Il Duce's prophetic powers and the closing paragraphs dealing with Europe's state of peace and the War Department of the United States do not contribute to the unity of the article, rather they detract from it. The author shows no proof for his contention that Herr Hitler is a "madman." Perhaps a little less satire would greatly enhance the value of the entire article.

One of the best pieces of work in this issue of the *Loyola Quarterly* is "Poe On His Art." It offers a new insight into the interesting character of one of the most important figures in American literature. The matter of the article is new information, very well arranged, and presented in a really fine style.

Without the shadow of a doubt Mr. Croarkin's "The Miracle" is the best of the three poems contained in the *Quarterly*. It is an exceptionally beautiful piece of work, one which any college publication should be proud to print.

We learn from the editor's foreword that the "Coffee House" is a new department which is devoted to light material, in contrast to the traditional scholarly article. This is a good idea objectively, but only if that light material is of high quality. Quality is not to be measured by the seriousness of the theme, but by the artistic treatment of any thought. The work should be imbued with an idea. We would recommend that the editors take care to have all of the work in this department of the same quality lest the unity of its purpose be destroyed.

The first editorial of this the initial issue of the *Loyola Quarterly* is very apt, an expression of the purpose and use of this type of magazine. Mr. Lyons the editor, is not all magniloquent, as he suggests he might possibly be, in claiming for the *Quarterly* a place in the scheme that will help to "prepare for later life the men who will make — or break — the Catholic tradition in America." Every Catholic college magazine should have a place in this scheme.

All the reviews in the Book Shelf are of a very high caliber, far better than the average, devoted as they should be to a criticism or evaluation rather than a synopsis of the book.

"On the Cob," in the section devoted to Art and Music, is an argumentative article in which the writer defends classical music against the onslaughts of the "Jitterbugs." It is a very open-minded piece of work, not attempting to condemn "swing," but to evaluate it logically in relation to the classics.

Considered as a whole we found this issue of the *Loyola Quarterly* good, but not at all exceptional, no better than average. Our recommendation for improvement in addition to those already given would be more articles of the quality of "Poe On His Art" and "On Having Illusions," more poetry that would come near the standard set by "The Miracle," the initiation of an exchange program and the infusion of some art work.

The winter number of the long established publication of Cathedral College of New York City, *The Chimes*, makes a far better appearance than a good number of college magazines. The cover is quite artistic. There should be more art within the magazine itself however, there being only one illustration in this issue. The appearance of the interior is very impressive. The physical make-up is the best that we have seen. The insertion of quotations of great writers, in a smaller type, after some articles that cover little more than half of a page is an excellent idea, one well worthy of imitation. Furthermore, these quotations are replete with food for thought. They have a purpose. If such was not the case, we could not tolerate them. As they are we not only tolerate but enjoy them.

The idea of inserting a paragraph at the top of each article giving the reader an insight into the contents is commendable.

Although the magazine is quite complete and the contents varied in subject we feel that some work dealing with art or literature would enhance its cultural value. We will not comment on the four departments treating of various student and alumni activities, except to say that they have been well handled. The departmental section is the most complete we have seen, all due space being allotted to Books, Editorials, and Exchanges.

The editorial comment of *The Chimes* is very much in place at the beginning of the magazine. The first and the best of the three editorials, "Communism: Burlesque of Christianity," might well be read by every Catholic, particularly by those that may find some excuses for Communism. "Lover of Men: A Saint," while it is in a sense an appreciation of the motion picture is not at all out of place in this department because it is a beautiful piece of work imbued with an idea that is worth while. "Justice to the Jew," an emphatic plea for fair treatment to replace the anti-Semitic feeling, is firmly based on Christian principles.

In this issue of *The Chimes* are four articles of argumentative nature, "Justice to the Jew," "Hitler's Secret," "Drang Nach Osten," and

"The Miracle of Portugal." Each is a worthwhile discussion of an important problem, but the problems are all closely related and the presence of the four in one issue of a magazine detracts from the variety which a publication of this type should have.

A further and even closer similarity can be found in the style adopted by the authors of each of these articles. Rather than seek any literary perfection the writer in each case has concerned himself primarily with proving his point, often neglecting the style. It is, however, very smooth, vigorous and masculine. Nevertheless we should recommend, for variety's sake, the replacement of some of these articles by work of a lighter nature treated with more artistic style. There is no real fault in the style employed, as we have already stated, but we believe there is room for more beauty in *The Chimes*.

The familiar essays, "Let 'Em Eat Cake" and "172,000 Miles to Nowhere," go somewhat further than the usual essay in that by drawing a fine moral out of the material presented, they create a social value in themselves that is greater than their literary value.

The single book review, *From Union Square to Rome*, is not, in our opinion all that it should be. It tends too much to be a synopsis of the book rather than an evaluation of its literary merit. There is only one sentence dealing with the worth of the book, and this is concerned with the value of the idea, rather than with the book's artistic value.

In the last issue of MEASURE we credited *The Chimes* with having the best exchange work that we had seen but we took exception to one of the principles used by the Exchange editors of *The Chimes* in their work. At this time we are seriously thinking of retracting that praise, for it would seem that these gentlemen have missed entirely what we consider is the purpose of exchange work. They do not feel any particular pride that their publication has an exchange department. They certainly should! They think that an exchange page is courteous if not obligatory. It is our contention that it is obligatory, for reasons that we have given in previous issues of MEASURE and which we will summarize once more at the end of this article. In spite of these erroneous ideas as to the value and purpose of Exchange work, the Exchange editors have again turned in excellent complete criticisms of three magazines.

We had been looking forward to receiving the *Marquette Journal*, one of our few exchanges from a co-educational college, and were pleased to find a copy of the January issue in our mail.

The general appearance and make-up of *The Journal* is excellent, equal to, if not better, than most of our exchanges. The cover design and the drawings show that the Art department is in very capable hands.

The quantity of material is small and we find that the number of short stories is equal to the number of essays and articles combined thereby resulting in some lack of variety. The best solution to this

problem would be to leave the same number of short stories in future issues and increase the amount of other work, thereby increasing the size of the magazine.

"He Knew What He Wanted" and "Romeo's meet Romeo" offer splendid characterizations and are both well worth reading. The plot of "The Arsenic Case" is tricky, but there is little to the story except the surprise ending. We can find only one point in favor of "The Last Stitch," its brevity. We agree with the editor when he says that the author must have written it "standing on his head" or something. The story as we see it is utterly lacking in idea, in beauty of expression, in common sense and is out of place in this magazine.

"But is it Peace" is an essay that is out of the ordinary in the fine treatment of an important timely topic rather than in its literary quality. The make-up editor of *The Journal* has given evidence of some very clear thinking in this piece of work.

The "Preview of the Ballet Russe" given in the article by that name provides some vivid word pictures. We could almost see the rehearsal described so aptly by Miss Rooney. The "Preview" is one of the best articles in this issue of *The Marquette Journal*.

Some entirely new lights are thrown on the subject of worries in "A Defense of Worries." The style of the writer is lively, but unusually so. Here again is an article that is noteworthy not for the manner in which it expresses an idea but for the idea itself.

In our opinion "Hokusai's Quest" is the best written offering in the entire magazine, the best we have found in a great many magazines. It is rich in beautiful descriptive passages. The plot is highly original and quite interesting. The subtitle speaks of "Hokusai's Quest" as a sketch. We should call it a completed picture.

In the departmental section of *The Marquette Journal* we found only six well written book reviews, no editorials, no exchanges. These are undeniably previous omissions. Every magazine should have a very definite policy and give expression to that policy in editorials. The need for Exchange columns we have stressed over and over again.

"The Last Word" labeled "editorial" in the index evidently employs "editorial" in a transferred sense. This column offers a few surprising and amusing notes on the contributors and is not at all out of place.

Our suggestion to the staff of *The Marquette Journal* would be that they introduce articles of a more varied nature, give as much attention to form as to idea, and begin work in the Exchange and Editorial fields. We feel that by so doing they will greatly enhance the value of their already good magazine.

The most delightfully refreshing volume to come to us in our current Exchanges is *The Tower*, published by the young ladies of St. Mary of the Springs College, Columbus, Ohio. From cover to cover, outside and within, the appearance of this magazine gives the impression

of brightness, nor is this a false impression for it is supported by investigation. There is an abundance of art work and an almost infinite variety of material.

Abbe Dimnet is the subject of the word picture, "Monsieur L'Abbe," that is just that, a word picture, vivid, well handled!

It would be difficult to compare the merit of the two short stories. We preferred "Boys Are People," one of the most amusing, true to life stories that we have ever found in any college magazine. "There's Always Tomorrow" is every bit as well written and is imbued with a beautiful theme but it did not prove so appealing to us. Objectively both stories are of the same high standard.

The three articles dealing with the subject of literature do not detract from the variety for they deal with widely separated phases of the genus, literature. Then too, the style of each is different, in keeping with the subject treated; analytical in "Mary Dixon Thayer," light and fresh in "Writing Can Be Fun," and formal in "Themes of Modern Fiction."

Variety is again in evidence in the personal essays in *The Tower*. Three of these are serious, the other two in a considerably lighter, even frivolous, mood. All are marked by a high degree of originality and expressed in a manner quite in keeping with the idea behind them.

The Editorial Department of *The Tower* is certainly in very capable hands. Of the three editorials we find it difficult to rate one over the other. Each deals with some important concrete problem facing Catholics today. The articles are all direct, plain and lively. The style of each is exactly as it should be. Editorials of this kind are really inspiring and an example which many magazines would do well to follow.

In addition to treating five books completely in the Book Section, *The Tower* also offers very short appreciations of five other books, thereby increasing the size of the task accomplished by no small degree.

There is an Exchange Column in *The Tower*, but it should be more highly developed and more outspoken in adverse criticism offered. Surely not all of the Exchanges which come into the Exchange Department of *The Tower* were perfect. Still not a single magazine has received anything but praise. We ask the Exchange Editors of *The Tower* not to hesitate to criticize the less worthwhile offerings which they must find in some magazines, for by so doing they will be increasing the importance of their work immensely.

The most marked characteristic of *The Tower* is its complete femininity of character. The magazine has all the charm for which the fair sex is noted.

There has been decided improvement in the quality of our Exchanges in the Winter and Spring issues that we have received. The general appearance of most of them is a great deal better, but a few remain unattractive. There is more variety in the articles, but not

enough in most magazines. The departmental work of our Exchanges is of about the same status as it was when last we went to press, except for the book departments, most of which are vastly improved.

For those magazines which have grown better in succeeding issues we ask for continued improvement. For those that have remained poor or mediocre, we plead with them that they "get out of the rut!"

# Critical Notes

**The Rev. Paul F. Speckbaugh, C.P.P.S.**

Quite recently a problem has come to me which not only provokes inquiry, but which clamors for attention with the excitement of an outrage. I refer to this fact, pointed out to me by several pastors: the example of a number of our College graduates who are now sending their children to non-Catholic high-schools and colleges.

Why?

Probably hosts of excuses will come limping to these parents' aid; some of them, too, will remain as bona fide after careful probing. But I am much more interested in the thoughts which lie behind such actions, for they may discover for us some flaw in the work we are doing this very day. As I try to read the offenders' minds, a host of questions pours in upon me:

Did these parents find that their own Catholic education sent them out into the world unequipped in those things which were essential? Did they, possibly, simply go through our halls entirely oblivious of the Faith which was the core of our teaching? Have they been ashamed of us? Have they had too much "religion" in their stay with us? Or are they simply spoiled parents?

Open, sane, and fearless discussion of this problem with pastors ought to reveal priceless information not only for parish priests, but for college educators as well. Who is to start?

Playwrighting is taught in some of our Catholic colleges today and there are virtually no Catholic dramatists in our country today. That statement, if closely pondered, is much more than a compound sentence. It is, rather, a concretion that rankles.

Because — our students are spending their hours learning the craft of playmaking and out of it all there come no plays. Real ones. Because — a good many people, out of school, are trying to write plays and according to all evidence, they have not the requisite knowledge to perform the task.

The answer, it seems to me, rests with the Catholic Theatre Conference. A playwrighting course could be the summer work of a number of

Catholic Colleges, a course open to our Catholic public, a course that encourages and criticizes, a course that will give us truly great Catholic dramatists.

The idea is not too idealistic.

In our Catholic college publications, much has been written about our Catholic poets, some has been done about our novelists, a little about our playwrights, but almost nothing has appeared in search of the story of our Catholic literary critics. Is that not a rather interesting subject for our journals?

What of the work of Orestes Brownson in that domain? What contributions have we from Maurice F. Egan, from Charles Phillips, from Henry Longan Stuart? What is the position, today, of Mary Colum? What is the height, the breadth, and the depth of our contribution to the interesting field of literary criticism?

Some small wonder has always lurked in the rear of my mind that our Catholic colleges, those with very excellent schools of library science, have never started something like a Union Catalog for our distinctly Catholic books. The treasures hidden away in our libraries would almost certainly repay the work involved.

A mention, in a former issue of *Measure*, of the commonplace attitude toward the analytical method of literary criticism brought an approval from one reader. That, I think, was a misunderstanding of my own position. The question was left open, so now it seems appropriate to carry the discussion deeper.

Analyse a piece of literature? Many professors of English Literature shudder at the thought and hasten to suggest the analogy of tearing a rose apart to discover its beauty. To them it is sacrilegious to pry into the secrets of form and craftsmanship. Simple impressionistic acceptance seems far better — with all its complications of subjectivity.

The answer lies only in that form of criticism which reveals to the student the full beauty of a given masterpiece. And the method which gives that response is analytical criticism. By means of it the student learns the hidden details of form, the technique of literary creation, all those things which make known to him the greatness of a given piece. It is true that, at first the student finds this system dry and unattractive, but with some practice his knowledge of workmanship is indefinitely increased and his appreciation of literature immeasurably broadened.

This discussion is not hereby closed; opposition will make the subject grow.

Last Summer a Catholic group in New York published a booklet of tourist information on items of Catholic interest. The work was well-ordered, detailed, and practical.

Something similar might be done for the Midwest where there must be many places of genuine interest for Catholics totally unknown to travellers. Perhaps it is even possible to arouse the interest and backing of some corporation which serves motorists. To my knowledge it has never been tried.

#### Catholic Action once more.

There is little reason to expect much from Catholic Action in our Catholic colleges as long as the idea of unity is missing. Quite patently, a person cannot look for much from lonely individuals or even from segregated institutions. The task is too great for any one small group to accomplish anything notable. And in this case "notable" does not mean something highly remarkable.

The principle of most well known organizations of Catholics is one of corporate union. Recall the J. O. C., the Grail Movement, the Legion of Mary. It is true that they all begin with the foundation of personal sanctification, but they do not rest there. The meaning of the term "society" is clear to them and they labor in that method.

Catholic colleges, however, of this country — when they take up the cause of Catholic Action — are still painfully discrete and smugly self-sufficient. Nothing great will be done for the cause of the Faith until some unification weaves us all into the great crusade which we should in reality be. It must come. It will come.